



THE
KINGDOM
of the
SUN

The Kingdom of the Sun

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

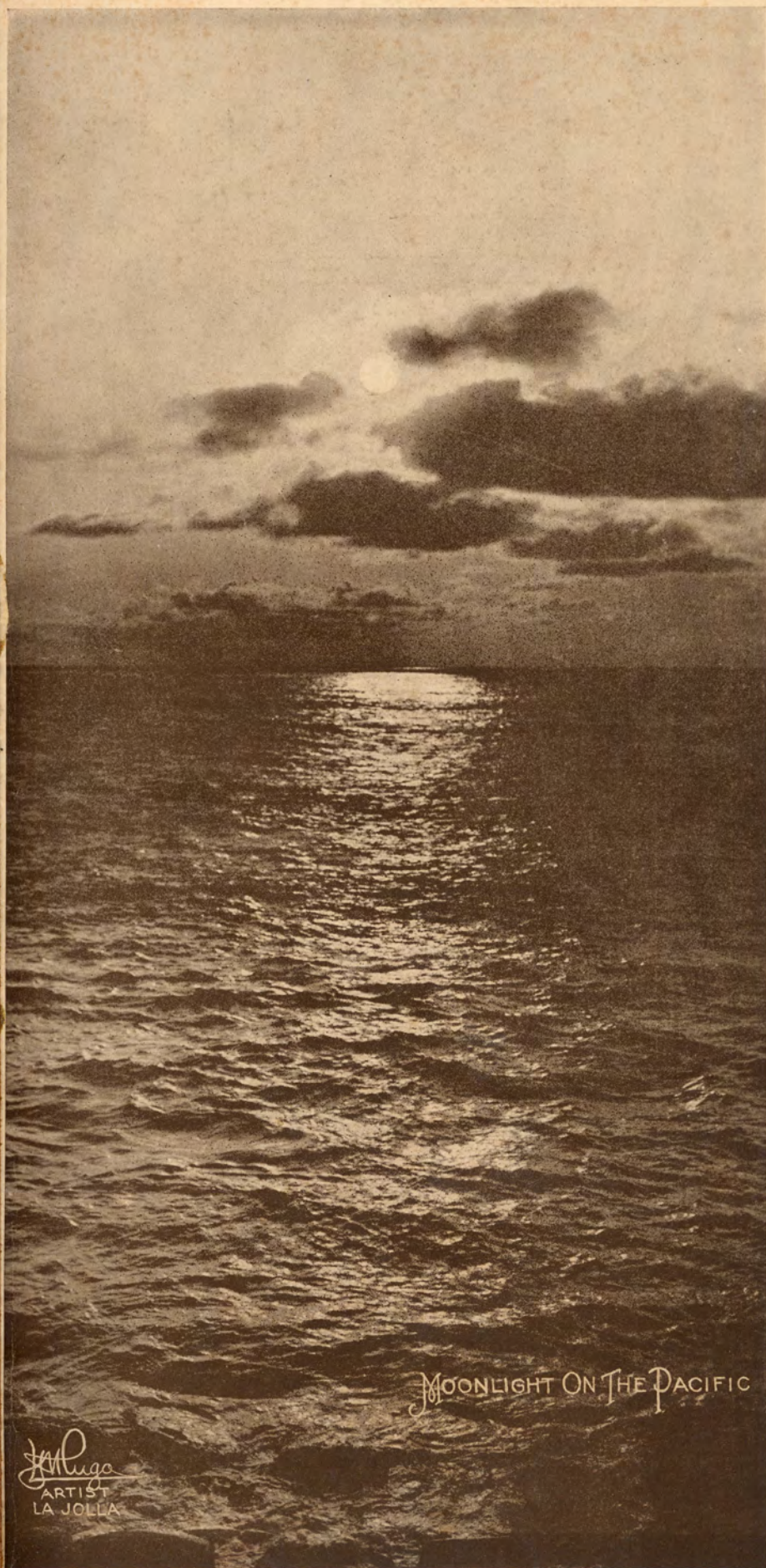
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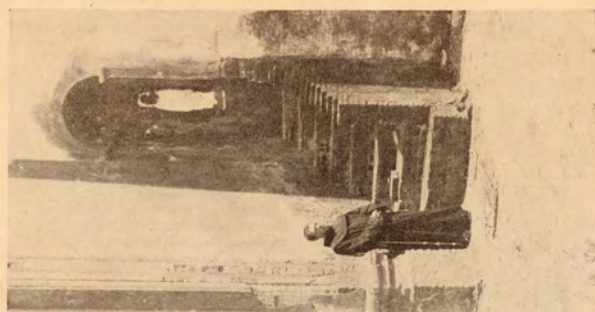
MOONLIGHT ON THE PACIFIC

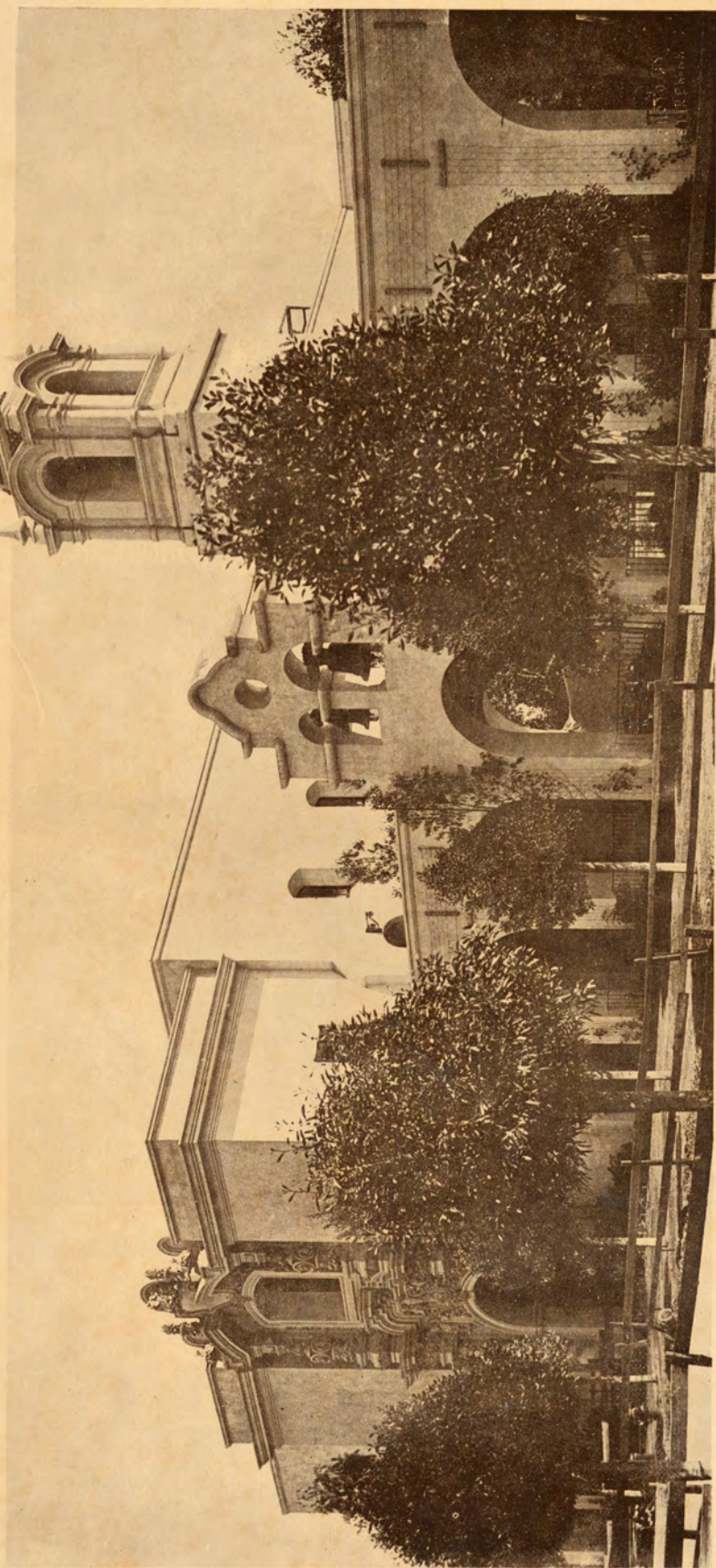
W. H. Pugs
ARTIST
LA JOLLA

La Jolla, "Jewel of the Pacific," is a picturesque residence suburb and tourist resort, situate fifteen miles north of San Diego.



Easter Sunrise Services of the Knights Templars at Mt. Rubidoux, the Scenic Feature of Riverside, California.
Affording a Magnificent View of Valley and Mountain.





The Mission Bells of the Arts and Crafts Building, San Diego Exposition

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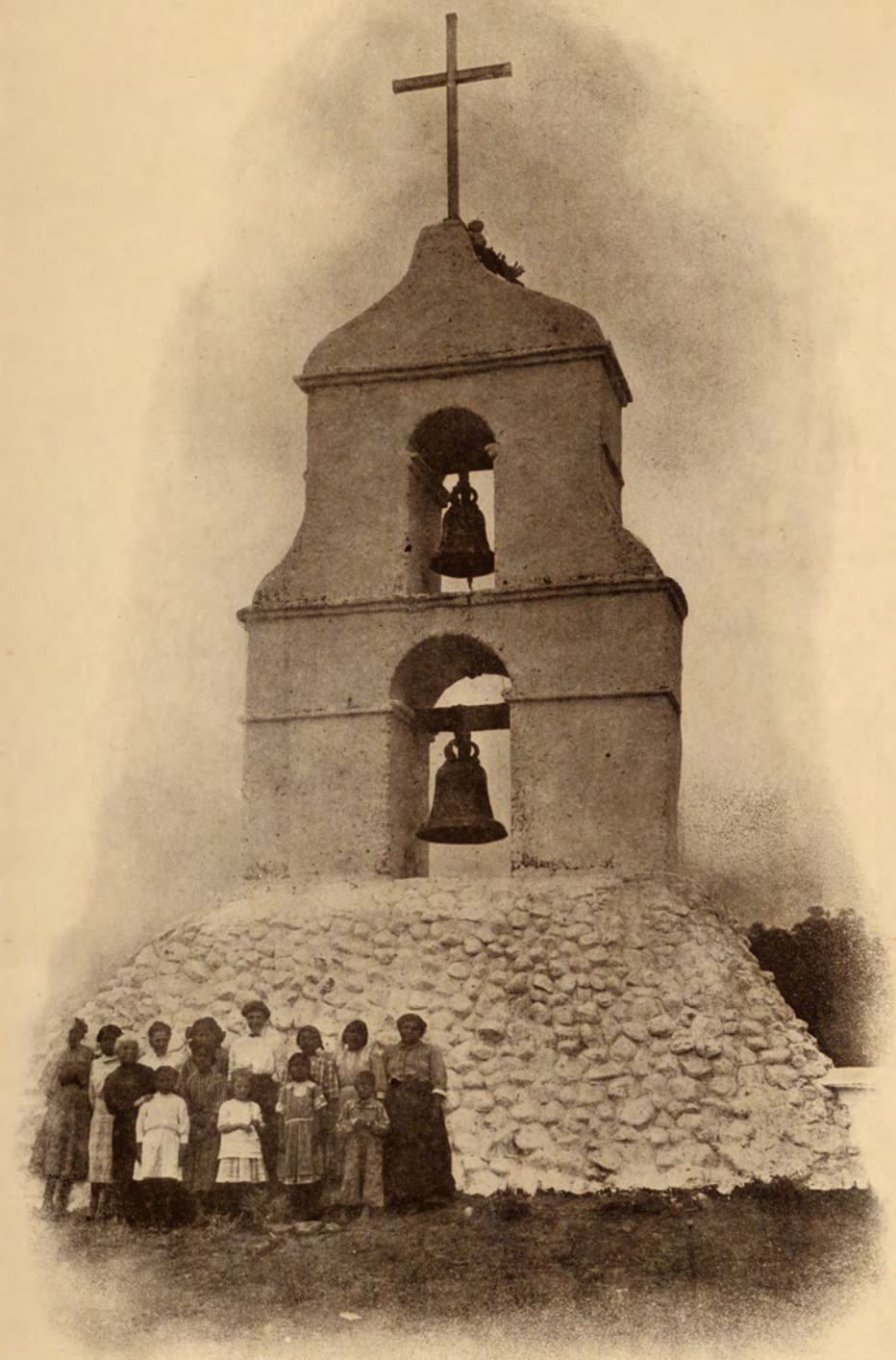
San Luis Rey Mission.



San Antonio de Pala, an auxilliary to San Luis Rey Mission.

The only Mission with outside bell tower.

A few of the Pala Indian lace makers—and early San Diego with its Harbor of the Sun.



She crooned them to sleep on her bosom fair,
Where their happy hearts were lain,
And they laughed in her eyes that wrapped them there,
Like their old, warm skies of Spain.



1893-1894. SAN FERNANDO MISSION.



California
Missions



Here the
Tourist catches
the first
glimpse of the
Grand Pacific
from the car
window at
Serra station on
the Santa Fe.



MISSION LECTURE—BY T. P. GETZ

To the visitors of California nothing excites more interest than the chain of 21 Old Missions which extends from San Diego in the Southland to Sonoma on the north. Built about 40 miles apart, "one day's journey on horseback," they are connected by a well defined road known as "El Camino Real," (The Royal or King's Highway). They were built by Indian labor under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers from 1769 until 1823, and were marvels of mechanical and engineering skill. At the Missions the Indians were taught the Christian religion and to do the work of the white man. When first founded each Mission had a small garrison of soldiers to protect them from the hostile Indians. They enjoyed their greatest prosperity from 1769 until 1800, during which time the Franciscans had built 18 Missions as follows: San Diego De Alcalá, San Carlos Borromeo Carmel, San Antonio De Padua, San Gabriel Arcangel, San Luis Obispo De Tolosa, San Francisco De Asis, San Juan Capistrano, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, La Purisima Concepcion, San Juan Batista, San Jose, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Nuestra Senora De La Soledad, San Miguel, San Fernando Rey De Espana and San Luis Rey De Espana, and had influenced and controlled over 40,000 Indians. After the year 1800 they built only three Missions, Santa Inez in 1804, San Rafael in 1817 and the last one at Sonoma in 1823.

To Father Junipero Serra must be given the credit of founding the California Missions. He was born on the Island of Majorca, off the coast of Spain, in 1713, and died at Monterey in 1784, where the Indians in their frantic grief, fought for the threads of his poor brown robe and the scanty white locks of his hair. Serra was one of California's greatest characters.



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION

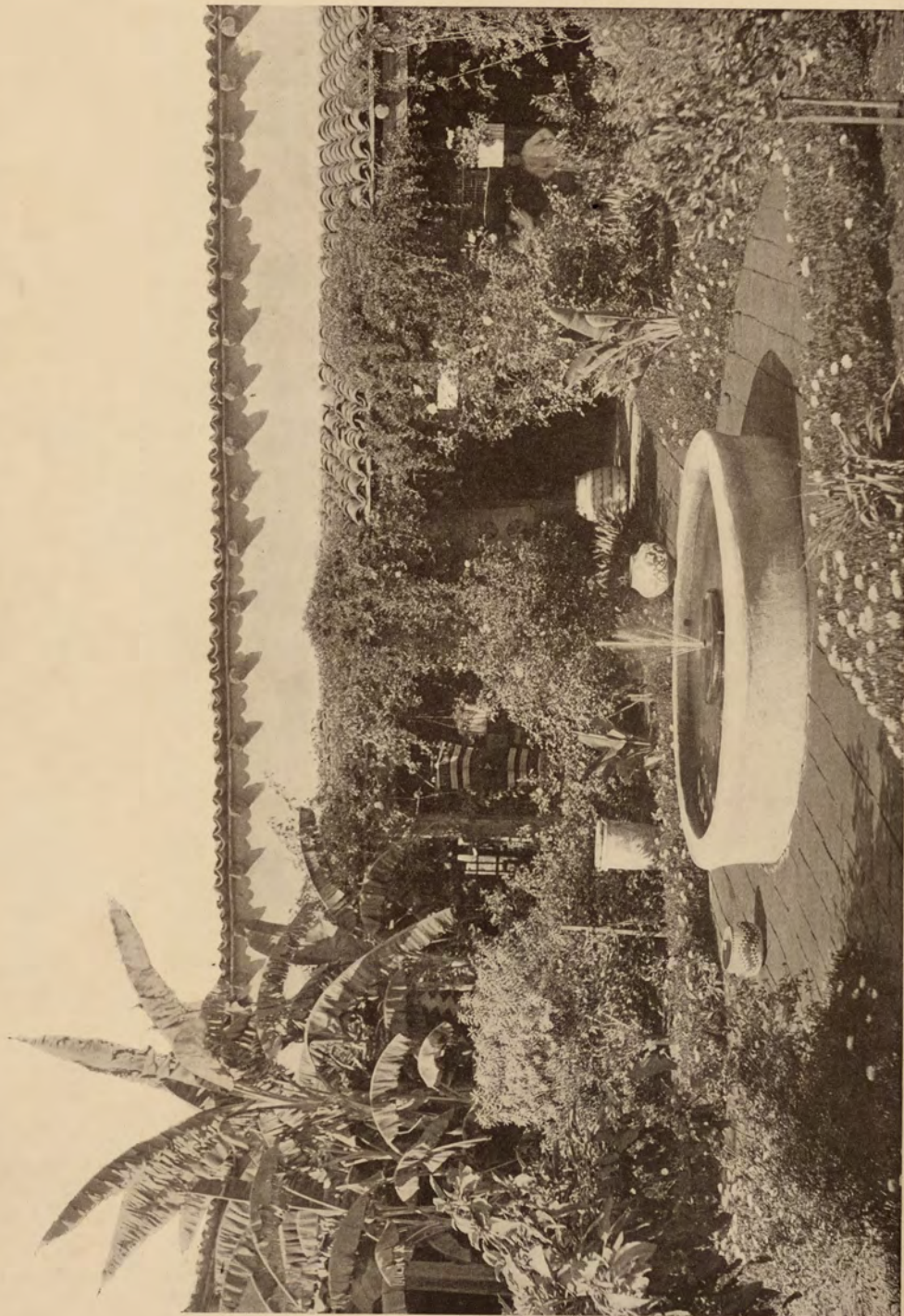


THE
BIRCH
PUBLISHING
COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA

"NOT AS I WILL."

By Helen Hunt Jackson
Author of Ramona

Blinded and alone, I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road,
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days, so long, so long,
Yet this one thing, I learn to know,
Each day, more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill,
By changeless law is ordered still,
Not as I will ; not as I will !





SAN DIEGO

THE HARBOR OF THE SUN

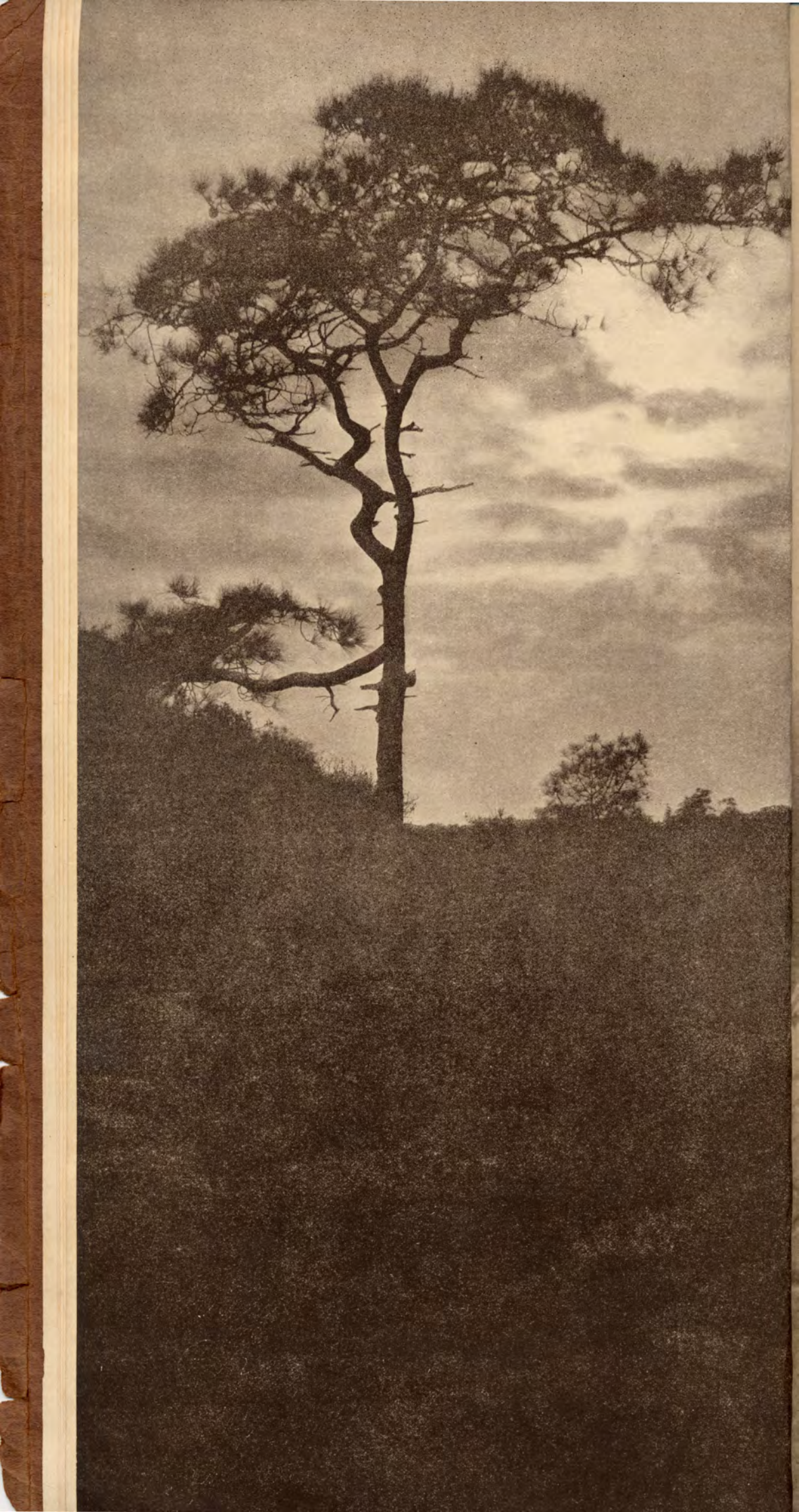
Written by JOHN S. McGROARTY

Author of the Mission Play
Staged at San Gabriel

The sunlight of the morning across the far hills
broke,
From the dawn the veils of mist fell and faded
as I woke;
The sea was bathed with glory in a sweep of
swirling fire,
And I wandered with my soul in the Land of
Heart's Desire.

The lemon was in blossom, and, shimmered in
between,
Glowed the gold of the orange and the olive's
flash of green;
I could see them from the waters that rippled,
blue and bright,
On the Bay of San Diego in the golden morning
light.

'Tis still as God has made it in the gladness of
His dreams,
With the never-ending summer that forever o'er
it gleams—
The mystic seas beyond it in the sunlight's golden
fire,
And the Bay of San Diego in the Land of Heart's
Desire.





I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.—PSALMS 121

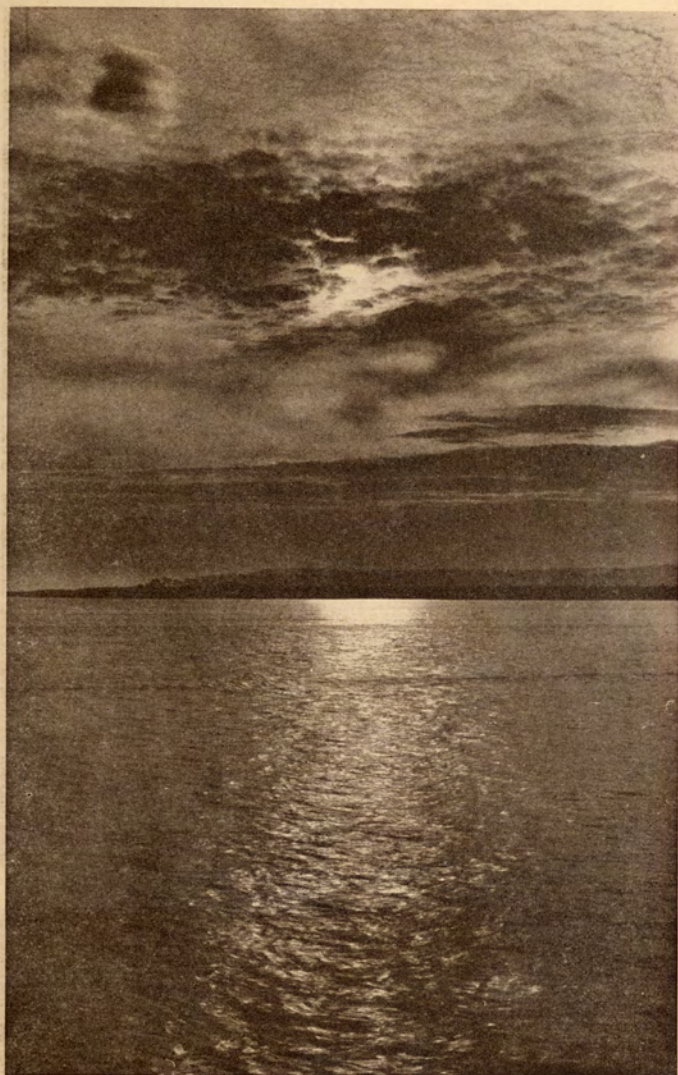
Mt. Rubidoux
By
Shannon

California
the winter
play-ground
of the
world



COME TO CALIFORNIA

Come, O come to California,
Where December's wed to May,
And the broad Pacific Ocean
Makes it paradise each day.



Sunset
Point Loma

Forest of
Arden, Mme
Modjeska's
country
home



Home of the late
Joaquin Miller





OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN

The following beautiful composition was captured during the war at Charleston, S. C. It was printed on heavy satin, July 4, 1823. It was picked up by A. P. Green, of Auburn, Ind., at Corinth, Miss., the morning the rebels evacuated it, May 30, 1862.

Thou to the mercy-seat our souls doth gather
To do our duty unto Thee.....OUR FATHER
To whom all praise, all honor should be given;
For Thou are the great God.....WHO ART IN HEAVEN,
Thou by Thy wisdom rul'st the world's whole frame;
Forever, therefore.....HALLOWED BE THY NAME:
Let nevermore delay divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let.....THY KINGDOM COME,
Let Thy commands opposed be by none,
But Thy good pleasure and.....THY WILL BE DONE
And let our promptness to obey be even
The very same.....IN EARTH AS 'TIS IN HEAVEN.
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou wouldst be pleased to.....GIVE US THIS DAY
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment and.....OUR DAILY BREAD,
With every needful thing do You relieve us,
And of Thy mercy, pity.....AND FORGIVE US
All our misdeeds for Him whom Thou didst please
To make an offering for.....OUR TRESPASSES,
And for as much, O Lord, as we believe
That Thou wilt pardon us.....AS WE FORGIVE
Let that love teach, wherewith Thou dost acquaint us;
To pardon all.....THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US;
And though, sometimes Thou find'st we have forgot
This love for Thee, yet help.....AND LEAD US NOT
Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us.....INTO TEMPTATION,
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fail in the time of trial,.....BUT DELIVER
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death, keep.....US FROM EVIL,
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of Thee, from whom
This may be had.....FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM,
This world is of Thy work, its wondrous story,
To Thee belongs.....THE POWER AND THE GLORY,
And all Thy wondrous works have ended never—
But will remain forever and.....FOREVER:
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus would say eternally.....AMEN.





GOD'S PROMISE TO THE DESERT.

From Isaiah.

I have taken hold of from the ends of the earth, and called from the corners thereof, and said unto thee, Thou art my servant, I have chosen thee and not cast thee away; fear thou not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Behold, all they that are incensed against thee shall be put to shame and confounded; they that strive with thee shall be as nothing, and shall perish.

Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contend with thee: they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing is nought. For I, Jehovah thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith Jehovah, and thy Redeemer is the Holy One of Israel. Behold, I have made thee to be a new, sharp threshing instrument having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt winnow them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them; and thou shalt rejoice in Jehovah, thou shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel.

The poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst; I, Jehovah, will answer them, I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them. I will open rivers on the bare heights, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. I will put in the wilderness the cedar, the acacia, and the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the fir-tree, the pine, and the box-tree together; that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of Jehovah hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.

PRAYER—JUST FOR TODAY

By Samuel Wilberforce

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me, my Father, from stain of sin just for today;
Let me no wrong or idle word unthinking say,
Set Thou a seal upon my lips just for today.
Let me both diligently work and duly pray.
Let me be kind in word and deed, just for today.
Let me in season, Lord, be grave, in season gay;
So for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, just for today.

IF—

By Rudyard Kipling.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same:
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—what is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

OUT WEST.

By Arthur Chapman

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where a smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship is a little truer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing—
That's where the West begins.

Out where a world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching—
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.

Selected by Hon. F. D. Coburn of Kansas,
Charter Member Yucca Round Table, Yucca Club.

Prize Clipping for the Year
1914

A DESERT EVENING.

By JEAN BROOKE BURT

Dusk, and the purple shadows glide o'er the desert land,
Cooling the dust-parched cacti hiding the sun-white sand;
The scent of the palo verde is sweet on the twilight air,
And the yucca palms are stirring, slender and frail and fair.
A weary pack train, ghost-like, halts by the water tank,
Where the mallow flowers blossom, bold and flaming and rank.
The brown bees circle the greasewood, and a lonely outcast
cries,

The howl of the lean coyote raised to the saffron skies.
Distant the ragged foothills, seared and scorched by the sun,
Wait the caressing darkness, after the day is done.
And sweet from the pale mesquite trees, song of a feathered
throat,

Haunting and wild and tender the thrill of the mocking bird's
note.

Draw near to my arms, beloved! Our camp fire flickers and
falls,

While the great stars lean above us here where the rock owl
calls.

Stretches of shimmering silver, and we and the desert moon,
Alone with the scented night wind and the peace of a gray
dove's croon.

Selected from Lippincott's
by Mrs. Walter Richardson
Richardson Heights

Charter Member, Yucca Round Table

JOHN S. McGROARTY

California Poet and Historian.

John Steven McGroarty, California's best beloved writer, was born in Foster, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, August 20, 1862. He was educated in the public schools and the colleges of his native State. He taught school, became a trained newspaperman, practised law and, entering politics, overcame an adverse political party by 15,000 votes and was elected treasurer of his native county at the age of twenty-four years—the youngest man to hold an office of that rank in Pennsylvania.

But from his early boyhood Mr. McGroarty had been fascinated by the glamorous and romantic history of California. He became a deep student on the subject and, upon reading a newspaper account of the return of the Franciscan Fathers to the Mission of San Luis Rey, many years ago, he made a visit to California, traveling from San Diego to Sonoma and stopping at each of the twenty-one Missions on El Camino Real, "The King's Highway."

On his return to Pennsylvania he could no longer withstand the lure of the West. "Burning the bridges behind him," as he himself said, he spent a few years of wandering in Old Mexico and among the Rockies of Montana, and a while on the North Pacific Coast in Washington and Oregon, finally reaching California to stay and to become its most noted writer.

While still a resident of Pennsylvania, Mr. McGroarty had acquired considerable fame for his poetic writing, a small volume of his poems having been published there in 1883. Since then his best known published writings have been his three books of poems entitled, respectively, "Just California," "Wander Songs," and "The King's Highway." Three years ago his now world-famed book, "California; Its History and Romance," was published. This book has had a remarkable sale, four hundred copies of an expensive de lux edition having been subscribed for in advance by prominent men and women of the State, solely on their knowledge of the author's literary merits. The commercial edition of the history ranks with the most popular novels in the book stores and the public libraries of the country.

But Mr. McGroarty's greatest literary achievement is undoubtedly his "Mission Play," which was first performed in a specially constructed playhouse at the old Mission San Gabriel on the night of April 29th, 1912.

The Mission Play created an instantaneous sensation in the dramatic world. The first presentation was intended to run for a few performances only, merely as a "tryout," but it continued day and night for a period of ten weeks. When it is considered that San Gabriel was a dead and forgotten adobe town, twelve miles away from Los Angeles, it will be readily understood why this first run of the Mission Play created a sensation. The following year the play ran a season for twenty-three weeks, day and night, thus double discounting its own former record, to the positive astonishment of the entire theatrical world. Later the play was taken on a pilgrimage of seven weeks to San Francisco and San Diego. The Mission Play has never been performed outside of the State of California. During the great exposition year it will form one of the three great attractions for visitors to California, namely: The Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco and the Mission Play at San Gabriel (Los Angeles).

JOHN S. McGROARTY'S BAY OF SAN DIEGO

The sunlight of the morning across the far hills broke,
From the dawn the veils of mist fell and faded as I woke;
The sea was bathed with glory in a sweep of swirling fire,
And I wandered with my soul in the Land of Heart's Desire.

In the Land of Heart's Desire, in the dreamland of my soul,
And my boat was on the shore with its rudder and its thole,
With its white sails agleam and the soft winds blowing free,
And the Bay of San Diego shining blue against the sea.

Yonder from the hills blew the blithe breeze of morn,
The scent of the lemon on its breath of lotus borne,
The scent of the lemon from the mesas blowing down,
From Chula Vista's mesas to the sun-harbored town.

The lemon was in blossom, and, shimmered in between,
Glowed the gold of the orange and the olive's flash of green;
I could see them from the waters that rippled, blue and bright,
On the Bay of San Diego in the golden morning light.

On the billows' far horizon I saw a white ship sail,
And backward o'er the hills stretched the world-wearied trail;
But the ship lured me not that beckoned to the main,
And the trail was not for me, though with gold it were lain.

'Tis still as God has made it in the gladness of His dreams,
With the never-ending summer that forever o'er it gleams—
The mystic seas beyond it in the sunlight's golden fire,
And the Bay of San Diego in the Land of Heart's Desire.

THE ETERNAL BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN SAHARA

By Van Dyke, the Great Artist

After the making of Eden came a serpent, and after the gorgeous furnishing of the world, a human being. Hence the existence of the destroyers? Before man's coming security may have been; but how soon she learned the meaning of fear. And how instinctively she taught the fear of him to the rest of her children! Today, after centuries of association, every bird and beast and creeping thing—the wolf in the forest, the antelope on the plain, the wild fowl in the sedge—fly from man's approach. They know his civilization means their destruction.

Indeed, we have often heard of "Sunny Italy" or the "clear light" of Egypt, but believe me there is no sunlight there compared with that which falls upon the upper peaks of the Sierra Madre or the uninhabitable wastes of the Colorado Desert. Pure sunlight requires for its existence pure air, and the Old World has little of it left. When you are in Rome again and stand upon that hill where all good romanticists go at sunset, look out and notice how dense is the atmosphere between you and St. Petre's dome. That same thick air is all over Europe, all around the Mediterranean, even over in Mesopotamia and by the banks of the Ganges. It has been breathed and burned and battle-smoked for ten thousand years.

True enough, there is much rich color at Venice, at Cairo, at Constantinople. Its beauty need not be denied; and yet it is an artificial, a chemical color, caused by the disintegration of matter—the decay of stone, wood, and iron torn from the neighboring mountains. It is Nature after a poor fashion—Nature subordinated to the will of man. Ride over the enchanted mesas of the Mojave at sunrise or at sunset, with the rugged mountains of Mexico to the south of you and the broken spurs of the great Sierra round about you; and all the glory of the old shall be as nothing to the gold and purple and burning crimson of this new world.

The love of Nature is after all an acquired taste. One begins by admiring the Hudson River landscape and ends by loving the desolation of Sahara. Just why or how the change would be difficult to explain. You cannot always dissect a taste or a passion. Nor can you pin Nature to a board and chart her beauties with square and compass. For sooner or later Nature will surely come to her own again. Nothing human is of long duration. Men and their deeds are obliterated, the race itself fades; but Nature goes calmly on with her projects. She made the fat lands of the earth with all their fruits and flowers and foliage; and with no less care she made the desert with its sands and cacti. She intended that each should remain as she made it. When the locust swarm has passed, the flowers and grasses will return to the valley; when man is gone, the sand and the heat will come back to the desert. The desolation of the kingdom will live again, and down in the bottom of the great Salton Sea the opalescent mirage will waver skyward, on wings of light, serene in its solitude though no human eye sees nor human tongue speaks its loveliness.

THE DESERT.

By Madge Morris

Have you slept in a tent alone—a tent
Out under the desert sky—
Where a thousand thousand desert miles
All silent 'round you lie?—
The dust of the aeons of ages dead,
And the peoples that trampled by!

Have you looked in the desert's painted cup,
Have you smelled at dawn the wild sage musk,
Have you seen the lightning flashing up
From the ground, in the desert dusk?
Have you heard the song in the desert rain
(Like the undertone of a wordless rhyme);
Have you watched the glory of colors flame
In the marvel of blossom time?

Have you lain with your face in your hands, afraid,
Face down—flat on your face—and prayed,
While the terrible sandstorm whirled and swirled
In its soundless fury, and hid the world
And quenched the sun in its yellow glare—
Just you and your soul, and nothing there?

If you have, then you know, for you've felt its spell,
And lure of the desert land.
And if you have not, then I could not tell—
For you could not understand.

THE DESERT'S LURE.

By the Desert's Favorite Songster.

You think the desert's lonely, pard,
But 'taint, a single bit,
Because you miss it mighty hard
When you're away from it.
Its very vastness seems to cheer,
And lure you on and on,
Where rosy streaks of light appear
To tinge the east at dawn.
Its wide wastes reach a hand to you
Across its sand dunes deep;
Its sagebrush billows call you, too,
Off where the dim trails creep.
Its cactus-covered mesas seem
Like some fair paradise,
And every day is just a dream,
Beneath fair, smiling skies.
And down along its parched expanse,
Where sluggish rattlers crawl,
And phantom waters gleam and dance,
And gaunt coyotes call,
There's something saying to you, "Come!"
And something bids you go,
Because those arid lands are Home—
The only home you know.
Its mesas stretch for endless miles,
Far, far where brown buttes stand,
And out across its grim defiles
Gleam ocean-waves of sand.
The yucca-blossoms nod, snow-white,
Amid the desert bloom,
And on the star-lit, silent night
Drifts rare and rich perfume.
And so, I say, the desert wild
Just weaves a charm and spell;
You feel that you are its own child,
When once you know it well.
It beckons, beckons every day,
'Neath bluest skies above,
And in its own enticing way
It woos and wins your love.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE
GREATEST ENGINEERING TRIUMPH
OF THE AGES
AND MOST WONDERFUL ACCOM-
PLISHMENT OF HUMAN ENDEAVOR
IN ALL HISTORY
THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL

THE SAN DIEGO PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION
OPENS WIDE ITS PORTALS
AND INVITES THE WORLD TO JOIN WITH IT
IN CELEBRATING THIS EPOCH-MAKING EVENT

DEDICATION PRAYER

O LORD, our God, Thy mighty hand hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land may praise arise to Thee.
Fulfill the promise of her youth, her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth America befriend!

The strength of every state increase in Union's golden chain,
Her thousand cities fill with peace, her million fields with grain.
The virtues of our mingled blood in one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood, America befriend!

O suffer not her feet to stray; but guide her untaught might;
That she may walk in peaceful day, and lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor, unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure, America befriend!

Thro' all the waiting land proclaim Thy gospel of good will;
And may the music of Thy name in ev'ry bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea, Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity, America befriend!

—Henry van Dyke

NEW YEAR'S
MCMXV

THE CALL OF CALIFORNIA.

By John S. McGroarty



Of old she called with her lips of song,
She called with her breath of musk
From peaks where the sunlight lingered long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk;
She called to the seas with their tides of tang,
To the ships of the far-off fleet,
And they came in the lure of the song she sang,
With their white sails, to her feet.

So, like a mother with bursting breast,
She claimed the brood of the seas,
And the flaming lips of her wild love pressed
Upon them, about her knees;
She crooned them to sleep on her bosom fair,
Where their happy hearts were lain,
And they laughed in her eyes that wrapped them there,
Like their old, warm skies of Spain.

Again she called, from far away,
Over desert and mountain keep,
In lands where the wind-swept prairies lay,
And the ice-clasped torrents sleep,
They heard her voice, like a golden chime,
And in dreams they saw her rise
From the golden streams in a golden clime
'Neath the blue of faithful skies.

Yet, oft in the light of the mellow moons
From the jaspered heavens hung,
'Mid the tinkle of soft Castilian tunes
And bells from the Mission rung,
She dreamed of her bounty brimming o'er
With its largess of field and plain,
And then from the sweep of the sunlit shore
Her fond lips called again.

They came, and she dowered with spendthrift hand,
The hopes of their wildest dreams,
And she flung at their feet the golden sands
That slept in her shining streams—
Saxon and Teuton and Celt that trod
The paths of her treasured springs,
With shoon of silver their feet she shod
And clothed them in robes of kings.

So hath she called with her lips of song,
Of old, with her breath of musk,
From hills where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk;
And so from her soul's unwearied love
Rings the voice with its olden thrill;
From the seas below and the desert above,
She is calling, calling still.

—John S. McGroarty, writer and owner of the Historical
Mission Play, staged at San Gabriel.



THE SEVEN SOUTHERN COUNTIES.

Written for the Kingdom of the Sun.

Five years ago the city of San Diego was equipped with a 1,400 acre park with which it did not have the vaguest idea of what to do. The principal reason was that only politeness and local pride allowed the use of the word "park" as a title. In reality it was 1,400 acres of adobe soil cut by two deep canyons and several ravines opening into them. There was a flourishing growth of cactus and sagebrush, and along at one side were a few pepper trees gasping for breath and wondering when it was going to rain.

Today this is Balboa Park. The entire upper mesa is covered with white-walled buildings, surmounted by domes and towers and arches from which old mission bells swing. The streets and plazas are lined with trees and lawns and flowers. On the buildings are growing a thousand vines—not vines which are green for a few months of the year, but vines which grow the year around, and all that time bear brilliant blooms, crimson roses and purple bougainvilleas and gold and white flowers with still more startling names.

This is the site of San Diego's Panama-California Exposition. For five years it has been building, and the soil which formerly baked hard and dry has been plowed and harrowed and drenched with a sea of water, and set out with trees and shrubs and vines. In that section of the country, the extreme southern tip of the California coast, there is never frost in winter, nor severely hot weather in summer, nor protracted rainy season nor destructive gale. No reasonable flower could help growing twelve months in the year. If the makers of the calendar had supplied fourteen or fifteen months, there would be a fourteen or fifteen months' growing season.

Climate has been the steadiest worker on the staff of the Exposition, and also has been the most effective. Strong as are the appeals of many other phases of the work, the most vivid impression is that of the extraordinary beauty of the scene, the rare harmonizing of the buildings with the natural setting. Get the picture in mind. Realize that from the whole expanse of mesa one looks to north to south and east and sees the snow-capped peaks of California and old Mexico, or looks to the west and sees the rolling Pacific, less than a mile away, and sees it all under the amazing blue of the southern California sky. One walks or rides up the easy grades from the waterfront and arrives at the edge of the Canyon Cabrillo, thick with palm and slim cypress and acacia and eucalyptus. Far beneath is a quiet pool, and from the pool rise seven great arches, their level tops the surface of a long bridge, its approaches decked out with flowering shrubbery. Across the bridge—the Puente Cabrillo—the road leads into a memorial archway, and on the other side of that the city of Old Spain is spread out.

That is the definite impression. Perhaps there is something in the balmy air, the fragrance of the flowers or the oranges, the cry of the birds in the canyon, the languor the northerner feels once he strikes the southern coast, but whatever the artificial aid the impression is a dreamy one of the old Spanish city of three or four centuries ago. This first plaza has a great cathedral at the left, a somber mission at the right. But flowers are there, pigeons flutter about the high tower and swoop about the arch where a couple of old, old mission bells are swinging. Cowled monks stalk solemnly along the arcade, a caballero, brightly clad, saunters about the cool patio from whose shady alcove comes the tinkle of a mandolin or the click of a castanet—and then around the corner dashes a troupe of Spanish dancing girls with a whirl of skirts and confetti.

The Exposition might have built the "established" sort of structures, and in doing so produced something entirely without special interest or material value. Instead, the design was for a typical Spanish Colonial City, partly in the somber mission style, partly in the more ornamental residence style, partly in the gorgeous splendor of the ornate cathedral. It is a rare tribute to the possibilities of Spanish Colonial art that the several types of the general school blend in such astonishing harmony. The principal feature is that these buildings, whose construction is the first important renaissance of a fine old school of architecture which has been undeveloped for more than a century, are in perfect harmony with the landscape. It was in Southern California that the Spanish mission reached its heights of beauty.

And exactly as the architecture of this Exposition Beautiful is new, the idea back of the whole Exposition is new.

Back in 1876 Philadelphia held a Centennial Exposition to celebrate the one-hundredth year of American independence. That started the exposition idea in this country, and from time to time other cities have held their world's fairs. In beautiful buildings there have been housed exhibits of the varied industries of America and of other lands, manufacturing of every sort to show the advances made from earlier days.

A few years ago the department of agriculture came to a realization that it was about time for some real attention to the dominant industry of the country, for an exhibit that would show what the American farmer was doing and what other American farmers ought to be doing and why there should be a larger movement back to the land. And every one of these exhibits has been housed. Every one has been able to show only the products of the farm, and it cannot be said that the result of the land shows has been anything except to show the products of the farm without stimulating to any great degree a rejuvenation of the great basic industry of civilization.

San Diego, remember, is the first port of call for steamers which travel up the Pacific coast from the Panama Canal. That means that San Diego should benefit most largely from the canal, and that, by reason of proximity and by comparatively easy mountain grades, it is through San Diego that the development of the southwest must come. With this realization the Exposition started out to contribute its share to developing the southwest, and doing so, by showing to the world what the southwest holds for the future.

The agricultural exhibits of the past, the stimulants to a "back to the land" movement, have been failures in large measure. It was decided that this could be traced to exactly the same state of affairs which sent world's fairs visitors home with an excellent impression of the Pike or the Midway and no impression at all of the exhibits. In brief, the exhibits were not interesting. There was no reason why the visitor should remember them.

At San Diego there was developed an understanding that there was nothing about an exhibit of tea boxes, or canned goods, or stacks of oranges that could hope to compete with the Circassian beauties or the dogfaced boy or the Streets of Cairo when it came to attracting the crowd. None of the stock exhibits were materially different from exhibits that might be seen in the grocery store or the factory around the corner back home. And so a new idea came about, an Exposition of "processes, not products," something that would interest the visitor and keep him interested.

Take the case of the agricultural features for example. At every world's fair there has been an exhibit of agricultural implements, maybe a few of them, maybe a large number. They were standing in a hall, and occasionally a demonstrator wheeled them around so the visitor could see them from a new angle. Except that they were in a new setting, they might just as well have been at one of the factories' salesrooms. The man who intended to buy new machinery, who went to the fair with that definite plan in mind, probably took an interest in the exhibit, but he would have had quite as much interest in a visit to the factory salesroom. The general public passed without a pause.

Well, that is not the way agricultural implements are exhibited at San Diego. Down on the Alameda there is a big tract reserved by the International Harvester Company. From a distance you can see the crowd gathered about it, and the crowd is standing still and looking with interest, looking not at standing machinery but at machinery in operation.

The tract has been sown to different cereals and forage crops. Each day some big horse-drawn or motor-driven machine moves down the tract, and the visitor sees how the up-to-date farmer plows his land or cultivates his corn or harvests his wheat. Now that is of interest to the progressive farmer. He will get a new idea. He will see probably one little step in the procedure that saves a few minutes in every hour or a few cents in every dollar of gross revenue.

And it is of interest to the farmer without so much experience. He will see where he can save several minutes and many cents. He will see that the new idea is adding to gross revenue, or that it is cutting down operating expense—in either case swelling net revenue, which is the main thing. He will see that it is possible not only to make money but to do it with less strain on his own physical resources.

And there's another man that is going to be interested, the city man who wants to go back to the land and wants to take his wife and children with him. He has a hazy recollection of his boyhood on the farm or the stories he heard his father tell about work on a worn-out farm in New England before the days of scientific soil cultivation. He heard about rising long before the sun and setting long after the sun and working all the time just as steadily as the sun ever shone. Also he heard about the small return and the semi-annual spasms of meeting a mortgage payment. Those recollections had dampened his ardor to go back to the land.

Now let that man look at the San Diego exhibit. Indirectly he has heard that times have changed and that the farmer of today is quite a different man from the farmer of yesterday, but he hasn't been able to grasp

the difference. Let him go to the outdoor exhibit out in Southern California next year, and let him see with his own eyes what the change is.

He will see a machine doing in one hour exactly what it took his father and five hands a full week to do. He will see a piece of ground covered so fast that the farmer does not have to worry about cutting over the meadow lest it rain before he can get his hay in. The reason is that he can get his crop cut and cured and stored before night. He will see every grain of corn utilized and every bit of "waste," as his father called it, made to serve its purpose for another crop. Old P. D. Armour of Chicago used to tell his friends that his stockyards "used everything but the squeal." The farmer of today is just as good an economist as the veteran packer was.

This same city man, who wants to go back to the land but is afraid to risk it, is going to see a lot more, enough to keep him standing by that enclosure all day and the next day, and spending the evenings in between doing a lot of thinking. He is going to see those painful recollections swept away. He will find out that the farmer's life is not all labor and sorrow, that he does not have to keep his nose incessantly at the grindstone, that he does not have to worry at each meal over the mortgage payment due. A great light is going to dawn about him.

That is a fair example of the methods. Other expositions have had tea exhibits—of painted boxes. San Diego's tea exhibit is a plantation of growing saplings, sent here by Sir Thomas Lipton, with Singalese gardeners to tend the plants and strip and cure the leaves, and Singalese girls to serve the finished product. Other expositions have had large display of oranges. San Diego's exhibit is a citrus orchard, blooming and bearing an abundance of oranges and lemons and grapefruit and kumquat where the visitor can reach out and touch them on the trees. The exhibits of the crafts show the Indians weaving the rugs and shaping the pottery, the Japanese working at their crafts, the Russian peasants at their Koustarni arts, the vast variety of American crafts, all in the making. These are exhibits which count.

Wherever possible, the exhibits are out-of-doors. A country where man lives outdoors throughout the year can afford to put most of its exhibits out in the open, and in doing so guarantee a little better attention than the best indoor exhibit could have. Probably the out-of-door display, merging with the astonishing horticultural display along the canyons, is the most interesting single feature of the Exposition.

Directly east of the Alameda, where most of the outdoor exhibits are placed, is the Isthmus. In other days it was the Pike or the Midway, but it is still extant, and very much so. With the exception of the long roller coaster and one or two old-timers of like indispensable character, everything on the Isthmus, from the Calle Ancon to the Calle Colon, is new, the villages of the Pueblo Indians and the wandering tribes, the Hawaiians, the Mexicans, the Chinese quarter, the reproduced mining camp of the gold rush of '49, the southern plantation where some double-X black mammals are preparing real southern corn pone and similar delicacies as fast as the Mexicans down the street are cooking their tamales. There is plenty on the Isthmus to interest.

But, more important, there are other things to interest, and the belief is that these other things are going to be of permanent interest and permanent value to the visitors and to the southwest. It is a big spectacle that San Diego is presenting to the world, and a mighty stage for it. Also, commencing on January 1 and remaining open until the tap of midnight that announces 1916, it is a spectacle that can be seen when it is winter or spring or summer or fall—elsewhere. In San Diego it is always June.

THE CALIFORNIA POPPY.

Flower of the west-land with calyx of gold,
Swung in the breeze over lace-woven sod;
Filled to the brim with the glory of God
All that its wax-petaled chalice can hold,
This was the birth of it: on the brown plain
The sun dropped a kiss in the footprint of rain.

—Rose Hartwicke Thorpe

THE ENTRANCING DESERT

By Judge T. S. Van Dyke.

Few imagine that there is a vast area in the United States where a big house is a nuisance and those who have one spend most of their time outside of it both day and night, where people travel more and farther and see more that pleases the eye than in the lands of abundant rain. Pierre Loti shows plainly in his writings that he loves the desert as well as the Arab and those who live on the deserts of our country soon learn to like the free out-of-door life in spite of many disadvantages.

MUCH PATIENCE—SOME CAPITAL

The desert is no place for the ordinary pioneer with a few hundred dollars, and there is plenty of tribulation in store for the man with thousands. The extreme dryness of the air seems to stop the pollination without regard to the amount of water at the root. Almost everything that can be raised has to be handled differently from that in the rainy lands, or even in the semi-arid lands, and one must have money enough with which to live until he learns, or he will have a rich foretaste of eternal torment.

With money, patience and a study of conditions, the rose will blossom and the desert can be made beautiful as well as profitable far beyond what is known as profit in the rainy lands. But this is not the beauty of the desert. It is something surpassing that and due to the absence of water, instead of the abundance of it. On the deserts of Arizona and eastern California the air is so dry and rain so rare that even dew is rarely seen.

CLOUD BEAUTY.

Except for a few mornings after a rain, not a trace of dew can be found at daybreak, even on the leather wagon cushion. The consequence is that the air is so transparent from lack of moisture than even the few clouds that sometimes fleck the blue are clearer in outline, with more depth and purity of color, than those of the skies, while their rapid evaporation at one elevation and quick formation in another, make a variety of action unseen elsewhere. Sometimes cumuli gather suddenly on the horizon and mount toward the zenith in all the tints of opal and pearl, make a vast display for an hour, and instantly fade into the blue. Sometimes clouds form suddenly above one and drop a misty veil, wavering toward the earth and vanishing in evaporation before reaching it, and at long intervals a genuine storm may give a good rain, but nine-tenths of the days throughout the year are clear and half the rest would be called fine days on the Atlantic Coast.

MIRAGE LAKES

Heat, dry air, bright sun and flat ground are the conditions of a mirage worth seeing, and on the level parts of the deserts they form such perfect imitations of water and trees that those who think them essentials of a good landscape can see the reality improved on.

The best are on the great flats at the mouth of the Colorado River, where leagues of ground are perfectly level and bare. Silvery lakes studded with little islands surrounded by shrubbery suddenly rise to view, not miles away, but only a few rods, with ducks drifting within shooting distance on the smoothest of water and solemn bitterns along the shore.

Heavy vegetation deadens artistic color, in summer the more delicate tones being drowned in a sea of green, and in the autumn lost in the glare of violet tints that, compared to those of the desert are like the blasts of a trumpet to the tenderest notes of a human voice. It also destroys too many of the lines of the hills, the infinite number of which on the desert make vibration of light and disintegration of color that please the most exacting artist, but leave him in despair when he attempts to reproduce the effects.

Vegetation makes too many flat surfaces. For color at its best value you must go where there is not rain enough to make vegetation that can bind the soil, so that as fast as it is formed by the decomposition of the rocks it is carried off by the winds and occasional rains to the plains below. This allows all the minerals of the hills to beam with power undimmed, while the air is so clear that great mountains vanish only in the curvatures of the earth with the gulches that seam their sides showing both depth and outline at fifty miles or more. When intense heat makes the air quiver so far above the surface of the plain that everything is seen through its rapid vibration, then color warps the hills in harmonious gradations and blendings more subtle even than those the setting sun can weave on fleecy clouds, all in infinite softness, yet allowing every cleft and crag to retain its distinctness of line.

WONDERFUL LIGHTS AND SHADES.

In the coolness of morning, when the sun swings like a ball of fire over the eastern ranges, quartz ledges glitter like the angles of an iceberg, iron runs the scale from palest rose to deepest carmine as the sunlight leaps from crag to crag, and brightening lights from the red oxide of copper chase each other over cliff and scar until the whole seems glowing with celestial fires. But when the air begins to dance in wavy lines of heat, the bright red of iron is softened and the red oxide of copper is clouded with gray, while the green of the carbonate shifts and live quartz fades into silvery gray, and

lime, cobalt, antimony and other minerals blend their varied hues with the rest and form a color harmony that the desert alone can show.

And, as the air vibrates more and more under the ascending sun, a golden haze sometimes steals over the whole until at noon it seems a land of dreams, sleeping under guard of a thousand enchanted castles. But often this haze is blue—not the blue of distant mountains in the rainy countries, which is generally a change only in the green of vegetation, leaving a mere flat surface, something we rarely see on true desert. This blue is a light tint of cobalt through which all the colors of the hills, with every line, angle, gulch, and spur, are seen as plainly as at any time. The effect is much like that of looking through blue glasses, and cannot be imitated by any kind of paint.

A COLOR CLIMAX.

Evening often brings the climax of all coloring. As the sun nears the horizon the rugged ranges of porphyry and granite seem to move out of the slumbrous veil of noon and take a tender pink on every tower and castle with soft tints of hyacinth in every canyon and basin. This pink sheen steals over every ridge and spur, and when the sun has almost touched the earth's farthest verge, the whole shifts rapidly into strontium fire with the blue deepening in the depressions, and just as the sun sinks crimson subdues the glow of strontium and the blue of the depths shifts into velvet. Then, as the last beams weaken in the glowing west, crimson and purple spread rapidly over the whole, lasting a moment after the sun is out of sight. Light tints of rose beam on the further hills a little longer, but the nearer ones change rapidly to dull red, brown and gray, and the brilliant show is over—lasting at its best from three to five minutes.

NATURE PAINTING.

This is one of the strangest of all light effects. The sun is not red at all, though sometimes a faint orange in a sky of deeper orange or bright yellow. There is no red upon the hills like that seen sometimes on a window glass from a red sun. You can see the gray or brown of the hills with every line and crag as clearly cut as at any time. And between you and the hills ten or twenty miles away you can see rosy mists as you sometimes can on the coast of California. You can discover no carmine or rose or strontium in the air in any direction, and the best effects are not opposite the sun, but often at quite an angle to the path of its beams. The sky behind the mountain is always opal, yellow or green—never blue—of transparency most marvelous, becoming more so as the green or yellow grows stronger as the light fades over the earth. No paint can come within sixty per cent of the light on the hills, even on ordinary evenings. The thinnest and most transparent of water colors is a sorry muss compared with the reality, and on some evenings the color is so high and so pure that any painting of it is simply ridiculous. The conditions for the best display are a perfectly dry, still air, free from any trace of dust, which, on my part of the desert, are most common in the evening of a warm mid-winter day.

NO PEST OF INSECTS.

Such surroundings, with almost total absence of mud or ice, or snow, make outdoor life easy on the greater part of the desert. Where I live there are no fleas, bed bugs, moths or mosquitos, and such is the case generally, though mosquitoes may be bred in places where by bay irrigation and in some parts of the bottoms of the Colorado River they need no irrigation. But in every place I know there are enough house-flies in spring and fall to balance the account. The house-fly scientist who tells you that flies breed only in filth, by destroying which you will get clear of them, could learn something here where filth is an impossibility. A beefsteak two inches thick, thrown on a line, will dry up sweet in a short time at any time of the year, and stable manure is like shavings from kiln-dried lumber in a planing mill. The abundance of flies is coincident with the amount of annual vegetation—that is, on the amount of rain, that it is quite clear their breeding in some way depends upon it. When we have rain enough to make plenty of flowers in spring we have flies, not by the hundreds or thousands, but by the million. This year, with few flowers, but more stable manure than ever, there are hardly any. It has been this way during the eight years I have been here, and in a year of flowers you may find them in swarms where no trace of man or any of his works, or any filth or rubbish of any kind, can be found.

The heat of summer really makes the desert still more an out-of-door land. There is little use of trying to avoid it by staying in the house. You are generally more comfortable outside in the shade and breeze. The one who suffers most is the one who sits around and fans and takes cooling drinks. As heat is our most valuable asset, we accept it with composure. Heat, sunlight and water practically on tap, are what makes farming on the desert so profitable, and on most of it the loss from rainy weather, hailstorms, etc., is nominally nothing. The elevation—two thousand feet—and the extreme dry air, with a breeze a certainty, make it quite endurable, and alfalfa gains fifty cents an acre per day over cooler climates. It is the land for perfect health. No children's diseases, colds, coughs—and epidemics of all sorts are almost unknown during this summer heat.

DESERT GARDENS.

Though there are places where scarcely a living thing of the animal or vegetable world exists for many a league, the desert is not all desolation. In many parts one who loves out-of-doors and the study of nature can find plenty to amuse him. There is no place where one can go or cut-across crosslots so easily as here, even with the automobile, and over much of it even a bicycle can comfortably be run. It takes but a short time to see a country just as nature left it, no sheep, no fires, no devastation of any kind, no track of man, no hoboes' nests, picnic rubbish or billboards. In Spring, after a light rainfall, much of the desert is gay with poppies, evening primroses, lilies, bluebells, daisies and scores of other flowers that make a rapid growth and flower, even though they can not make a stalk of quarter size. A little later the perennials bloom without regard to the amount of rain, some like the creosote-bush, a number like the rose family, with its sunny green leaves covered with garden bloom almost as large and bright as if there had been abundant rain.

Many plants seem at first but a sorry attempt of nature to atone for her great failure of moisture, yet most of them one learns to love as much as some of the more imposing displays of other lands. Few greens surpass the feathery delicacy of the greasewood and mesquite. The rosy flower that tips the straggling arms of ecatilla would be attractive in any garden. Few greens are more refreshing than that of the pala verde, illumined with the bloom of spring. Waving afar like a golden torch through the dancing heat, the towering plume of the mescal opens new views of nature to one who thinks he knows her well, and among the blazing rocks that almost rival the sun with their fiery radiation, the green arms of the petaya, or great zahuaro, rising far above all else, teach him the art of pinning his artistic faith to the land where he was borned.

One learns to love even the cactus, which at first glance is so forbidding. Almost every variety bears a lovely flower, some bearing a close resemblance to the rose, and varying in color from the purest gold to creamy white and from deepest crimson to the tenderest pink. On some the flowers are nearly three inches across and so dense as to hide the thorny limbs that bear them. The marvel is that the flowers are about the same size and quantity after a winter of practically no rain as after the ground has had a fair wetting. It is much the same with the fruit, which never fails on the prickly pear and a few other varieties. Few imagine that it is good to eat and people have died on the desert from want of knowledge. By impaling it on a sharp stick you can cut it off and peel it with a knife very quickly, without touching any of the spines.

WHERE THE ORIOLE SINGS.

In most places there is far more animal life on the desert than one would suppose possible. Brilliant lizards flash over the driest ground and delicate little wrens and thrushes flit among the spines of the cactus. The mocking-bird and the oriole sing us their songs of spring, and the meadow lark soon appears when you get an alfalfa patch started. The horned lark and the linnet, with many a sparrow and fly-catcher, are here and the chaparral-cock and the liveliest little chipmunks ever seen scamper about by day, with the whippoorwill, the bat, and the owl pitching about in the twilight. And who would suppose that the dove was a lover of the desert? You may think you have seen doves before, but you never did. He is far more in love with leagues of barrenness than with the summer green of the rainy climates. In years of rain, enough to produce an average growth of the annuals, he is here in surprising numbers, breeding in the thinnest brush of the rockiest hills and traveling miles for water. In some parts the white-winged dove of Sonora, a lovely bird, larger than the common dove, also comes to spend the summer, and sometimes the delicate little Inca dove, in soft cinnamon and ashes of roses with shell-shaped edgings, crosses our southern barrier to keep the others company. It is one of the last places where one would expect to find the quail, yet Gambol's partridge is found in great numbers in some parts and is scattered almost everywhere there is brush, cactus, rocks. How this bright combination of blue, black, and chestnut can thrive in the hottest sun, without ever a drop of water that you can discover, and ply his little legs over scorching rocks at a pace no man can follow long, is one of the many puzzles of this dry region.

ANIMAL LIFE.

Coyotes, like foxes and even wildcats are found here, with the cottontail, of course, and the hare runs the sun a race out of bed, just for fun, on a blazing morning; sits all day in shade little better than that of the spider's web, and in the evening, skips gaily forth to run the sun another race to bed.

Though the antelope and the mule deer are both found in spots, it is not on true desert—but who could imagine that the mountain sheep loves the dryest, roughest, barest and hottest of all hills of earth? Yet he was once everywhere on the fiery ranges that traverse the desert, and may be still found happy and fat on the ragged hills, whose soaring crags blaze with such intensity in the morning sun and beam at evening with all the tenderest tints of lilac and rose.



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